

## Selected Poetry.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

### Wait for the Wagon.

(An Ethiopian Song.)

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear,  
To the blue mountain meadow?  
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,  
And the birds sing the truest,  
Come along with me,  
It's every Sunday morning, when I am by  
your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Repeat { Wait for the wagon, wait for the  
wagon,  
Wait for the wagon, and we'll all  
take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the  
birds sing so sweet;  
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good  
to eat.  
Come listen to my story, it will relieve my  
heart—  
So jump into the wagon, and off we will start.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Do you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike  
with all his wealth,  
Can make you half so happy as I with youth  
and health?  
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, and  
a cow—  
And you will mind the dairy, while I will  
guide the plow.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so  
black and neat,  
All braided up with dahlias and holyhocks  
so sweet,  
It's every Sunday morning when I am by  
your side,  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a  
ride.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

Together on life's journey, we'll travel till  
we stop;  
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the  
happy top—  
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear,  
my lovely bride;  
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.  
Wait for the wagon, &c.

### Come to the Window.

BY QUALLOX.

Come to the window to-night,  
It cannot be deemed a sin;  
You need not fear to tread light,  
My mother will not be in!  
I'll listen for you at eight,  
Be sure you come to the time;  
Don't be a minute too late,  
For love deferred is a crime!

The gate will open to your touch,  
But close it gently and still;  
For fears in love are not much,  
If conscience bows to the will!  
Don't be afraid if it's dark,  
My sister no tales will tell;  
I'm sure the dog will not bark,  
For he knows your step so well!

I'll show the way you must take,  
If you don't want to be seen;  
Then an excuse I can make  
If the servant says you've been!  
Last night I was pale with fear,  
I heard you run down the lane;  
Mother said some one was near;  
I said "it must be the rain!"

But girls have never been begun  
With fears, since courtship began;  
For if their schemes are well laid,  
They're always broken by man!  
But come at the time I've named!  
Walk boldly up to the door;  
Maidens for kindness are famed!  
And so I'll try you once more!

## Wit and Humor.

### The Way they Did it.

BY SPARTICUS.

Since the Maine law has been passed  
there has been a great deal of maneuvering  
and it has required all the skill and  
ingenuity that Yankees are capable of,  
for the down-east toppers to get their  
liquor.

Deacon —, was considered, in the  
village where he resided, a pretty strict  
man, but all men have faults, and the  
deacon was not exempt from his. His  
great fault was the love of a little liquor  
now then. But how to get it was a question  
which often arose in his mind, but  
which he could never answer. But with-  
al the deacon was a shrewd man, as  
Yankees in general are (at least they have  
that reputation,) and he finally hit upon  
a plan which he thought would take.

He went to the village doctor, who was  
a particular friend of his, and communi-  
cated his plan to him. The doctor, who  
was fond of a joke, and who also loved a  
"social glass," consented to join him.

The plan was this. There was a store  
in the village licensed to sell liquor for  
truly medical purposes. To this they  
went to repair on the next evening, and  
while there the deacon was to be sud-  
denly seized with a violent cramp in the stom-  
ach. The doctor was to prescribe a hot  
brandy punch and a sweat. Of course  
the deacon had no liquor at home, and  
the rest follows.

The night in question found them there.  
The store was filled with the usual com-  
plement of loafers and farmers, some con-  
versing, others smoking, etc. All at once  
the deacon commenced.

"Oh, oh! such a cramp in my stom-  
ach; oh!"

"Where," asked the doctor, rising and  
going up to him—"where?"

"Right here," said the deacon, placing  
his hands on the pit of his stomach, and  
pressing at the same time making the  
most horrible grimaces, as if in great pain.  
"Go right home," said the doctor, "and  
take a hot brandy punch, and then go to  
again."

bed and take a sweat. Have you any  
liquor at home?"

"No!" replied the deacon; "oh, oh!"  
"Then you must have some, and right  
away too," replied the doctor. "Have  
you nothing you can put it in?"

"Here is a bottle," said the deacon at  
the same time thrusting his hand into his  
capacious pocket, and drawing forth a  
large quart bottle, "that I brought down  
to get some vinegar in, but I suppose the  
folks can do without it to-night."

The brandy was forthwith procured,  
and the deacon, who had been making  
wry faces, varied with occasional "ohs,"  
left the store together with the doctor,  
who said he would accompany him to see  
himself home; and half-an-hour later, as the  
two sat before a blazing fire taking "a so-  
cial glass," they had a hearty laugh over  
the manner in which they obtained it.

It is needless to say that the deacon was  
effectually cured of the "cramp in the  
stomach."

### A Doctor as is a Doctor.

A self-sufficient humbug, who took up  
the business of a physician, and pre-  
tended to a deep knowledge of the healing  
art, was once called to visit a young man  
afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed  
long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket,  
looked at his tongue, and his wife, and  
finally gave vent to the following sublime  
opinion:

"I think he's a gone feller."  
"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife,  
"do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his  
hat and eyes heavenward at the same  
time, "yes, I do say so: there ain't no  
hope, not the least might; he's got an  
attack of nihil fit in his lost frontis—"

"Where?" cried the startled wife.  
"In his lost frontis, and he can't be  
cured without some trouble and a great  
deal of pains. You see his whole plan-  
etary system is deranged; firstly his vox  
populi is pressin on his advalorum; sec-  
ondly, his cutacurpal cutaneous has  
swelled considerably, if not more; third-  
ly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a con-  
cussed state, and he ain't got any money,  
consequently he is bound to die."

### A Slight Mistake.

One day an honest Hiberian strolled  
into one of our churches—no matter  
where—on communion Sunday; and at  
the invitation usually given for all "in re-  
gular standing," &c., he being somewhat  
verdant in matters of this kind, thought  
he would stay too. Accordingly he re-  
mained in his obscure pew, and waited to  
see how the waters would move. Soon  
a venerable man approached him, and of-  
fered him the bread and cup. He took a  
generous sup of the latter and some of the  
former, and the good man passed along.  
Going back to the desk, a request was  
made, if any had been omitted in the dis-  
tribution, that they would rise. What  
was the deacon's astonishment to see  
the occupant of the stranger pew rise, and,  
with a peculiar beck of the finger motion  
him that way. Obeying the sign, he  
walked towards the beconer, who rose  
as he approached, and shading his mouth  
with his hand, as he leaned half over into  
the aisle, said in a subdued tone:

"Have you any change?"  
The horror-stricken functionary tottered  
back without answering, and the stranger  
was left to his own reflections upon the  
deficiency of the entertainment.—*Boston  
Pathfinder.*

The following notice is taken from  
a newspaper published thirty years since:  
"If the members neglect the business of  
the nation, as in times past, to throw mud  
at each other like so many scavengers,  
we shall occasionally pull their honorable  
noses with our editorial tongues."

A lady being asked what business  
her husband followed, said he was en-  
gaged in "finishing." Further explanation  
was necessary, and after a brief hesitation  
she continued, "finishing his time in States  
Prison."

"Look here!" said a young lady,  
just commencing to take lessons in paint-  
ing, holding up a sample of her skill to  
her mother, "see my painting! can you  
tell what this is?"

Ma, after looking at it for some time,  
said—"Well, I reckon it's a cow or a rose,  
but I don't know which."

We copy the following epitaph from  
the True Flag. It is on a tombstone in  
Alverston, England:

Here lies my wife,  
Here lies she:  
Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah!

"Pa, ain't I growing tall?" "Why,  
what's your height, sonny?" "I'm seven  
feet lacking a yard!"

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT OF 1568.—  
Wanted a stout active man who fears the  
Lord, and can carry two hundred weight.

"By my powers, sir, and to be sure I  
am able. I have heard, sir, that before  
the baste was my property, he was backed  
against another horse, your honor, who  
bated him hollow, and I dare say it's the  
reason that his back never got straight  
again."

## Stories for the Young.

From the Churchman's Companion.

### VILLAGE TALES. NO. 1.

The story I am going to relate hap-  
pened a few years ago, in one of the prettiest  
villages in the middle counties of England.  
It is within a short distance from a fash-  
ionable watering place, and is a favorite  
drive for visitors. The church, always the  
first attraction, is built on a slight emin-  
ence, overlooking a quiet river, the sides  
of which are grown with sedgy weeds,  
rushes, and all sorts of beautiful flowers,  
the forget-me-not flourishing with the great-  
est luxuriance. The building itself can  
be described by comparing it with the  
generality of village churches in England.  
There is the same grey tower, venerable in  
antiquity, overgrown with moss and lich-  
ens; the long, low chancel, covered with  
ivy; windows peeping out here and there  
without much regard to order. The church-  
yard cross may be seen, standing on its  
three stone steps, and ever facing the glo-  
rious East; leading our thoughts to Him  
Who shall come from thence, and all His  
holy angels with Him.

It was during a very severe winter a  
few years since, when the greatest distress  
prevailed throughout England—when the  
poor man was barely able to buy a loaf  
of bread, and when he could still less afford  
the necessary fire and clothing to keep up  
life within—that our tale commences.

I had been my rounds, and while wait-  
ing for my cousin, the Rector, I went over  
a gate, looking at the thin, grey smoke  
issuing from a cottage chimney opposite,  
and curling up into the air. Two boys  
came down the lane. As they approached  
their conversation became distinctly  
audible, and I discovered that one was  
describing to the other, with great glee,  
the sight he had seen that morning, while  
accompanying his father into L—, namely,  
the bounds in full chase after some  
unhappy fox.

"O, Willie," said the eldest, "be-  
haved it a fine sight—the huntmen with their  
grand red coats! as well, any day, as the  
soldiers as now I see'd pass through to  
L—."

Willie sighed, and thought to himself  
whether he should ever have the opportu-  
nity of witnessing some of the grand sights  
that George thought quite common.

"Yes, George," he replied, "I'd ha' giv-  
en a sight of money to be there, but Mark  
Davies told me as how there'd be another  
meet at—Park next week, and I've a  
mind to catch a sight on't. May be you'd  
go too?"

"Well, well," replied George, "I'll go;  
but must be off betimes that day—"  
But don't ye go a bragging on't to father  
or mother, or may be they'll end it!"

The boys now said farewell; George  
entered the cottage, and Willie proceeded  
down the lane.

I soon forgot the conversation which I  
had heard, little thinking how soon it  
would be brought to my mind. And yet,  
as I pursued my way down the hill to-  
wards the parsonage, I pondered on the  
last words uttered by George—"Don't ye  
go a bragging on't to father or mother,  
or may be they'll end it!"—and the follow-  
ing sentence rushed into my mind: "It is  
a great matter to live in obedience, and  
not to be at our own disposing."

"Stir ye, Willie, my boy," said James  
Davies to his son, the morning of the hunt,  
"stir ye, my boy, and go your way to  
work. Be the hedge mended yet?"

"Not yet, father," said the boy; "I  
am to go and help finish it to-day."  
It was little he could do; in fact, he  
went more to keep more out of harm's  
way than anything else. But to-day he  
had very different employment, and as his  
father quitted the house, he went to look  
for George, who was waiting for him, and  
they were off. Leaving the village, they  
passed up a lane, and across two or three  
fields, and at last came in sight of a wood,  
which extended for a considerable distance  
around as far as the eye can reach. It  
was a lovely morning, about the middle  
of January. The air was clear, and the  
hoar frost glittered like thousands of dia-  
monds on each branch and spray; every  
blade of grass was encrusted in silver  
sheen, and the webs of insects were as the  
most fairy-like lacework. The boys did  
not stop to examine the beauty of the  
scene; they never thought of turning  
round before they entered the wood, to  
look at the lovely prospect that lay be-  
neath. If they had done so, they might  
have reflected as to the propriety of thus  
forming plans without their parents' leave.  
They dashed madly onwards, and still  
more wildly when they heard a horn slowly  
winded.

"Stop, George!" said Willie, "there  
beant no more breath in my body; I can't  
run any more."

"A pretty fellow you are," said George  
"to come out hunting, and to tire afore  
we get there; howbeit, I'll wait a minute."  
And he did wait; for though he appear-  
ed so brave, he was almost as much done  
up as his companion, and was nothing  
loath to rest.

Before many minutes had gone by, the  
halloo was more distinctly heard, and  
several horsemen dashed through the  
thicket, about a hundred yards from

where they stood. George and Willie  
were up in an instant, and off after them;  
and still on they ran, never considering  
that they might lose their way. By and  
by, however, they were obliged, once more  
to desist; for, added to fatigue, hunger  
now made itself felt. They looked around  
them and at each other aghast; they had  
never been in that part of the wood be-  
fore. It was getting intensely cold, and  
already the twilight was coming on apace;  
for in the thickness of the trees of course  
the days were very short. What were  
they to do? Willie could not walk any  
more, and George could not carry him.  
Then, it may be, for the first time they re-  
peated of the step they had taken.

"O, George," said little Willie, "where  
will mother think we are, we don't return  
to dinner, and then to supper? I am so  
hungry! Do you think it is supper time  
yet?" he continued, and he began to cry.

"No, not yet," said George; "but don't  
ye fret so."  
They sat down completely exhausted,  
and neither spoke for some time: at last  
Willie looked up.

"George, dear, I'm afraid we are very  
bad boys, to come away without asking  
leave of father or mother. I thought so  
once before, but you told me not to tell."  
Poor George! his sin was now meeting  
with its own punishment, and he knew it.  
The thought that they might both die  
of cold and hunger came with fearful in-  
tensity to his mind. He tried once more  
to look around him for some place to go  
for shelter, but it was of no avail, and he  
gave it up.

"I am so sleepy, George," said the lit-  
tle boy, once more. "I think I can go to  
sleep here, only I will first say my pray-  
ers, and ask God to forgive me."  
And he knelt with folded hands as he  
was wont, and he repeated the Lord's  
Prayer; and after commending himself  
and all dear to him His gracious keeping,  
he lay down beneath a tree, while his  
friend tried to cover him with his own  
coat.

George watched till it was quite dark,  
and he too prayed for forgiveness; and  
then, with a mind more at peace, lay down  
by Willie's side.

The night passed on; hour after hour  
flew swiftly by; the cold was intense, and  
their clothes and hair became stiff and  
frozen. George could not sleep, and a  
strange feeling came over him. He look-  
ed at his companion, and he saw him with  
a face like marble; he touched him and  
he was cold and rigid. Still the truth  
was not clear to him, and it was only in  
the grey dawn of the early morning, when  
he tried to awaken him, that he found  
that little Willie had left this world for  
ever. Then the wood resounded with  
the unhappy cries of the unhappy boy, till  
at last he fell back completely exhausted.  
In this state he was found some time after-  
wards by his parents, who had sought  
him for hours. He was carried home  
and put into a warm bed, but so weak  
that no one expected him to live.

But who can describe the agony of poor  
Willie's mother, when her child was  
brought to her? It was only after my  
cousin had been with her, and told her  
how to bear this grief, that she could be  
at all comforted; it was not until then  
that she could try to say, "Thy will,  
not mine, be done!"

George lingered for two days, and then  
expired. His sorrow was deep and sin-  
cere, and an hour or so before his death  
he asked to see Willie's mother, to beg  
her forgiveness for having led her son as-  
tray, and for the grief he had brought on  
her.

"Let me be buried with Willie, mother;  
and on the same day," he said, "and  
plant some flowers on our grave."  
These were the last words he spoke;  
and he died that evening.

It was the Sunday following, after the  
evening service, that the funerals took  
place. Mr. G— had arranged that all  
the school children should be present; and  
those belonging to George's and Willie's  
class bore their coffins.

In less than a week the place that had  
known them knew them no more; a week  
before they had worshipped in God's  
Church for the last time on earth; and  
now they were come to be committed,  
earth to earth, dust to dust, and we will  
hope in prospect of a joyful resurrection.  
It was an affecting sight, and there were  
few who did not deeply feel it. After the  
lesson from the event which had taken  
place—the greatest lesson in life, namely  
obedience. By disobedience man fell, and  
all were made sinners; but by the obedi-  
ence of One Man many were made right-  
eous. He told them that they must try  
to follow in the footsteps of this great  
pattern; and that whenever they felt in-  
clined to be tempted to disobey, they must re-  
member how our blessed Saviour gave us  
an example of great humility when a child  
like themselves, how He was subject unto  
His parents, and how He increased in fa-  
vor both with God and man.

Months and years have passed since  
that, but I am sure there are several who  
will not easily forget that Sunday. The  
quiet village, the old Church, the quiet

river—all is the same still. I walked  
through the Churchyard last summer, and  
I paused on the brow of the hill, and look-  
ed beneath. I saw some children stand-  
ing by the river side, and I heard a little  
girl repeating, "To obey is better than  
sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of  
rams."

George and Willie came to my mind,  
and turning away, I walked quickly to the  
spot. It was a simple headstone, with a  
cross carved thereon. Underneath it was  
written:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF  
GEORGE FORSTER, AND WILLIAM BRETT,  
WHO DIED  
THE—TH AND THE—TH DAY OF JAN'Y 184—  
"CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS IN THE  
LORD, FOR THIS IS RIGHT."

### Mail Arrangements.

Camden Mail.  
DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,  
At 8 o'clock, P. M.  
DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY,  
At 7 o'clock, A. M.

Charlotte Mail.  
DUE MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,  
At 8 o'clock, P. M.  
DEPARTS TUESDAY, THURSDAY, & SATURDAY,  
At 7 o'clock, A. M.

Concord mail.  
DUE THURSDAY, AT 3 P. M.  
DEPARTS FRIDAY, AT 6 A. M.

Windsor mail.  
DUE SATURDAY, AT 6 P. M.  
DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 P. M.

Chesterfield mail.  
DUE WEDNESDAY, AT 5 P. M.  
DEPARTS SATURDAY, AT 11 A. M.

Chesterfield, C. H. Mail.  
DUE SATURDAY, AT 10 A. M.  
DEPARTS THURSDAY, AT 4 A. M.  
All letters must be deposited by 8 o'clock  
P. M., to ensure their departure by next  
mail.

T. R. MAGILL, P. M.

### WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHARLES SMITH,  
Watch Maker and  
JEWELER.

RESPECTFULLY IN-  
forms the inhabitants of Lancaster  
and vicinity, that he is  
prepared to repair Watches  
and Clocks, containing music or without,  
in the best style and most expeditious  
manner. He has on hand a large assortment  
of the finest Gold and Silver Watches, and Jew-  
elry of all kinds, and of the best quality—  
His stock is selected by himself with great  
care, from the large and well known estab-  
lishment of Gregg, Hayden & Co. in Char-  
leston, S. C. Every article is warranted to  
be what it is represented. He will mention  
a few of the articles which he has on hand—  
Elegant Ladies Bracelets, Medallions, Lock-  
ets, Clasp, Ladies Necklaces set with real  
Topaz & Turquoise, very splendid Gold  
Fob, Vest and Guard Chains. A splendid  
assortment of Gold Watch Keys, Gold Pens  
n Gold and Silver Cases. A very large,  
and Superior assortment of Gold Ear Rings,  
and Breast Pins set with Diamonds, Rubies,  
Pearls, Turquoise, Garnets, Clusters, Cor-  
nelians, Cameo, Mossie, Opal, Lava, &c. &c.  
A Fancy Set of Ladies Hair Ornaments, also  
Shawl Pins. A choice selection of Finger  
Rings, with every kind of set, and plain: al-  
so Engagement and Wedding Rings, Silver  
Fruit Knives, Coral, also Coral Necklaces  
and Bracelets on Cubine, with gold clasps,  
handsome Tweezers, Tooth and Ear Picks,  
Thimbles and Specimens of all descriptions.  
A large assortment of Bosom Studs, plain  
and fancy, Collar and Sleeve Buttons, Hearts  
and Crosses; a fine assortment of Mourning  
Brooches, Silver Combs, &c. &c.

The public generally are invited to call  
and examine his stock, next door to Cataw-  
ba House, and in the room formerly occu-  
pied as the Post office.

CHARLES SMITH'S EXTRAORDINARY  
PASTE FOR RAZOR STRAIPS.  
This unequalled article entirely supersedes  
the use of a Razor. By the use of this Paste,  
the dullest Razor, Pen-knife, Lancet, &c., &c.,  
will, in a few seconds, receive a keen and  
smooth edge. Those who have tried it, all  
appreciate its virtues, and invariably speak in  
the highest terms of its astonishing effects.  
Price only 25 cents per Box.

He has also on hand a fine assortment of  
superior Razors, amongst which are some of  
the well known double bladed French Ra-  
zors, which are very highly appreciated, each  
blade lasting (if well used), ten years with-  
out grinding.  
April 24—3mo.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### HORSES & CARRIAGES

To Hire.  
THE Subscriber can accommodate  
those who wish to Hire with Hor-  
ses and Buggies, or Carriages to any point  
they wish to go. Those in want of the  
above articles will please call at the Ca-  
tawba House or at the Lancaster Grocery  
and Provision Store, where they can be  
accommodated at all times. Strangers  
arriving by stage can be sent to any point  
of the country they wish to go.  
J. A. HASSETTINE.

Feb 12

Bacon.  
2,000 LBS PRIME BA-  
con, for sale low  
by 10 BILLINGS & BELK.

Iron.  
3,000 LBS IRON FOR SALE LOW  
for cash, by  
CURETON & MASSEY.

Bacon & Lard.  
FOR SALE BY  
HASSETTINE & HAGINS.

Bacon.  
9,000 LBS FOR SALE  
by 10 CURETON & MASSEY.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

Middleton G. Caston, vs. Bill  
for Partition of  
Wm. T. Caston, vs. Lands.  
Samuel C. Caston.

It appearing to my satisfaction that the de-  
fendants, William T. Caston and Samuel C.  
Caston reside beyond the limits of this State.  
It is ordered on motion of Williams, solicitor  
for complainant, that said defendants do an-  
swer, plead or demur to the bill in above case  
on or before the 25th of June 1852, other-  
wise Judgment pro confesso will be ordered  
against them.  
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq'y Lan. Dist.  
Mar 23, 1852. 7 3mo.

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

John W. Cooke, solicitor, Petition to sub-  
ject  
vs. William McCorkle and an Equity and  
wife Elizabeth for Relief.  
It appearing to my satisfaction, that Wil-  
liam McCorkle and Elizabeth his wife reside  
without the limits of this State. It is or-  
dered on motion of Williams, solicitor, for Pe-  
titioner, that the said defendants do answer  
plead, or demur to the petition in above case  
on or before the 25th day of June 1852,  
otherwise Judgment pro confesso will be or-  
dered against them.  
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq'y L. D.  
Mar 24 7 3mo.

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

Bridget McLarnon vs. Bill  
for Dower.  
It appearing to my satisfaction that the  
defendant, Madison Richardson, resides  
beyond the limits of this State. It is or-  
dered on motion of Clinton and Hanna,  
Sols'rs for the complainant, that the said  
defendant, Madison Richardson do answer  
plead, or demur to the Bill in above case  
on or before the 21st day of June 1852, other-  
wise Judgment pro confesso will be or-  
dered against him.  
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq'y L. D.  
Lancaster C. H., S. C. mar 15 6

#### In Equity—Lancaster District

James Laney, vs. Petition  
John Laney, for  
Richmond R. Terrell  
Executor of John  
Smith dec'd, James  
Griffin, Nancy Long,  
Elizabeth Dredway  
Et. al. account  
Legacy

It appearing to the satisfaction of the  
Commissioner, that the defendants, James  
Griffin, Nancy Long and Elizabeth  
Dredway, (if living) reside without the  
limits of this State. It is ordered on mo-  
tion of Clinton and Hanna, sol's for the  
petitioner, that the said defendants, James  
Griffin, (if alive) do answer, plead or demur,  
to the petition in above case, on or before  
the 1st day of July 1852, otherwise judg-  
ment pro confesso will be ordered against  
them. JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq. L. D.  
Lancaster C. H., Mar 25 3m 8

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

Robert McDonald and wife Eugenia C  
vs. Thomas L. Dunlap  
and wife et al. to procure  
a sale of  
Real Estate.

It appearing to my satisfaction that the  
defendants, Thomas L. Dunlap and Mary his wife, Geo.  
W. Stinson, Esther M. Stinson and her  
child, Octavia defendants in the above  
case reside beyond the limits of this State.  
It is ordered on motion of Clinton and  
Hanna, solicitors for complainants, that the  
said defendants answer, plead or demur  
to the Bill in above case on or before the  
21st day of June 1852, otherwise  
Judgment pro confesso will be ordered  
against them.  
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq'y L. D.  
Lancaster C. H., S. C. mar 15 3mo 6

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

Dorcas C. Perry, widow, Oliver  
H., and Thos. D. Perry, Execu-  
tors of Zadock Perry, deceased, vs. Bill  
for sale  
of  
Real Estate.

It appearing to my satisfaction that all the  
defendants above named, reside without the  
limits of the State, except George F. Ingram  
and wife, he having married a daughter of  
Zadock Perry. It is ordered on motion of  
Williams, solicitor for complainants that the  
said defendants do answer plead or demur  
to the Bill in above case, on or before the  
25th June, 1852; otherwise Judgment pro  
fesso will be ordered against them.  
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,  
Com. Eq'y L. D.  
Lancaster, C. H., Mar 23, 1852.  
7 3mo.

#### IN EQUITY—Lancaster District

Charles L. Dye vs. Bill  
for Relief and to  
subject funds  
in the hands of Com-  
missioner  
Susan Jane Dye, his  
daughter  
and ward  
to the payment of a  
debt.

It appearing to my satisfaction that Os-  
mond J. Dye and his daughter, Susan Jane  
Dye, two of the defendants in above case,  
reside without the limits of this State. It is  
ordered, on motion of Williams, solicitor for  
complainant, that the said O. J. Dye and Su-  
san J. Dye, do answer, plead or demur to  
the Bill in above case, on or before the 25th  
June 1